Liverpool, May 27, 1833. 24

The population of Liverpool, including its suburbs, is about large as as that of New-York. I have had but a cursory view of the place, and shall therefore avoid entering into the minute in my descriptions. Let this suffice: it is bustling, prosperous and great. I would not, however, choose it as a place of residence. It wears strictly a commercial aspect; and you well know there is nothing of trade or barter in my disposition. Indeed, nothing surprises me so much on approaching Boston, after a short exile from it, (and I am always in exile when absent,) as a glimpse at its shipping; for I generally feel as little inclined to visit its wharves, as to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. My instinct and taste prefer hills and valleys, and trees and flowers, to bales and boxes of merchandize; and tiny cataracts and gentle streams, to sublime waterspouts and the great ocean. Hence, another place for me than Liverpool; and such a place I could easily find, in almost any direction, within a few miles of it — that is to say, if I were friendly to colonization. My excellent friend James Cropper has a delightful retreat, called Dingle Bank, which nature and art have embellished in the most attractive manner. His great and good man is now in London, but there has been no lack of hospitality toward me on the part of those whom he has left behind. I have also been very kindly entertained by James Riley, a worthy and much respected member of the Society of Friends. My obligations to Thomas Thornely, Esq. and Dr. Hancock, (the former, late the Parliamentary candidate of the friends of emancipation, and the latter, a consistent advocate of the cause of Peace,) likewise deserve a public acknowledgment.